

## The Critic

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### Some Autographs from Iowa.

EVER since he learned his trade as a printer, Mr. Charles Aldrich, editor of the Webster City (Iowa) *Freeman*, has been collecting autograph letters and documents. Now that his collection has become a large and valuable one, he has presented it to the State Library at Des Moines. It has been placed in handsome cases, and is always visible to visitors, many of whom are attracted to the Library mainly by curiosity to see the literary treasures Mr. Aldrich has so generously presented to the State. Amongst the latest additions to this collection are a short letter from Lord Macaulay, and a long one from 'Chinese'—and Egyptian—Gordon. By Mr. Aldrich's courtesy we are permitted to publish both. We give the former first. 'It was presented to me,' writes the Iowan editor, 'by Lady Margaret Holland, Macaulay's favorite niece, the "Baba" of his letters of forty years ago, and the present owner of most of his precious manuscripts. I have also,' he adds, 'two and a quarter pages of the original manuscript of his History of England, certified to by her.' Less than a month after the letter in question was penned, Lord Macaulay made the following entry in his diary (Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay*, Vol. II., p. 213): 'Albany, Nov. 18th, 1848. After the lapse of more than nine years, I begin my journal again.' In the same entry, he refers to the History in these terms: 'As compared with excellency, the work is a failure; but as compared with other similar books, I cannot think so.' These words are almost a literal repetition of the closing sentences of the letter:

ALBANY, Oct. 24, 1848.

DEAREST HANNAH: I inclose a letter which I have just received from Charles, and a copy of one [of] his first performances as a journalist. I think his sentiments highly creditable to him. Bring the paper back with you that Trevelyan may see it.

Our Uncle John has just been here. Poor man, he looks a mere ruin. He came up to consult Brodie. I fear that he has very little life in him, and that his remaining days will be days of suffering. I was quite shocked to see him.

I do not know whether you have heard how pleasant a day Baba passed with me. We had a long long walk, a great deal of pleasant chat, a very nice dinner, and a quiet happy evening. She is really the very best girl in the world.

That was my only holiday last week, and indeed the only fine day that we had last week. I work with scarcely an intermission from seven in the morning to seven in the afternoon, and shall probably continue to do so during the next ten days. Then my labours will become lighter, and, in about three weeks, will completely cease. There will still be a fortnight before the publication. I have armed myself with all my philosophy for the event of a failure, though Jeffrey, Ellis, Marian, Longman and Mrs. Longman seem to think that there is no chance of such a catastrophe. I might add Macleod, who has read the Third Chapter, and, though he makes some objections, professes to be on the whole better pleased than with any other history that he has read. The state of my own mind is this: when I compare my book with what I imagine that history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed: but when I compare it with some histories which have a high repute, I feel reassured. But Alice will say

that this is boasting. Love to her and to Mrs. Charles, and to Charles's bairns. Ever yours.

T. B. MACAULAY.

General Gordon's letter was enclosed in the following from his brother, Sir Henry W. Gordon, K.C.B.:

68 Elm Park Road, Chelsea, S. W., 22d Dec'r 85.

MY DEAR SIR: I cannot refuse your request and I send an original letter (and enclosure) of my Brother's. General Gordon always considered that Mount Moriah was Zion and the Western Hill (divided from the Eastern Hill by the Tyropœon Valley) was Gibeon. He also considered that the Ark was built at Ain Judeh and descended on El Judi a mountain in Mesopotamia. Yours sincerely [?],

H. W. GORDON.

Charles Aldrich, Esq.

The letter from Jerusalem is written in a crabbed hand, not easy to decipher. We append what we believe to be a literal transcript of it. It is accompanied in the original with two or three drawings, elucidated by marginal notes:

JERUSALEM, 27—4—83.

MY DEAR HENRY

I went down to see about the site where Noah built the ark. I enclose notes on subject. When there, I visited some excavations made by French Priests, really wonderful, the church they have opened out is of time of Constantine 3d Century, stones enormous like those of Temple 8 to 7 ft. long, really splendid. They had only the day before discovered a Baptistry by the side of the main church, which will cause a deal of trouble, for it proves ancient church used to immerse. There is only one other known, that is at Ravenna. The place is called Latrun and tradition says it is place where the Penitent thief lived. There has been much dispute where Emmaus is. Bible says 60 furlongs from Jerusalem. Jerome describes the place and says it was at meeting of three Roman roads, at or near Nicopolis. This description of his agrees with Latrun, but it is far more than 60 stadia from Jerusalem. What critics say is that if Jerome's description is correct the figures in Scripture are wrong, if the figures in Scripture are right, then no place agrees with Jerome's description. Constantine could not have built such a huge church, unless over an important spot. You know that Jerome knew even the pillar our Lord was scourged on, and all the details of crucifixion, he thought nothing of them, he is buried within a few yards of place of nativity, which is marked by a star of silver, belonging to Latin Church, and often stolen by Greeks.

There will be a regular row about it, for it upsets the Spanish monks Emmaus, which is near Mispah. Latrun is 15 miles from Jerusalem or 120 stadia.

It seems a long way for the two disciples to walk back to Jerusalem at night and when there to find the Eleven assembled, is it not. If it is not the place, then why was the huge church built.

Aunt Amy will be vexed about my not having been immersed, so comfort her. She and Uncle George are my sponsors.

They found a crusader in armour in a tomb, out he came! I slept at Latrun, but Hotel Keeper expected Louis of Battenberg, of Bulgaria and lots of Russians, so he asked me if they came, to let me have the room. I went to sleep at 11 P.M. they came and out I had to go to another room. I did not see them but one left a pencil which I bagged. I have finished paper on Gibeon being the so-called Zion Hill

Gibeon Joshua

" Levite

" Saul

" or Nob of Doeg

} all are on hill opposite the Figure

Kindest love to you and Rose and all of you.

Your affect Broth

C. E. GORDON.

Other modern autographs included in Mr. Aldrich's valuable donation to the State Library are holograph copies of Tennyson's 'Break, break, break!' Longfellow's 'Arrow and Song,' Lowell's 'First Snow-Fall,' Holmes's 'Last Leaf' and Boker's 'Dirge for a Soldier'; a sonnet of Browning's and two of D. G. Rossetti's; a poem each by Christina Rossetti and Paul H. Hayne; lines by Mrs. Browning, Swinburne and T. B. Aldrich; a page of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' and one of 'Tom Brown at Oxford'; two pages of Eliot's 'Problems of Life and Mind,' together with two others in Lewes's handwriting, with corrections and alterations by the author; a despatch from Lincoln to Greeley, and despatches or orders from Sherman, Sheridan and Lee. One of the oldest documents is said to be signed by George

III., another by Napoleon I., and a later one by Queen Victoria. Others of the older manuscripts are in the handwriting of Leibnitz, Hazlitt, Schopenhauer and Wordsworth; while the latest and freshest is said to consist of 'several pages from Stevenson's *next story*'. Truly a varied feast!

### Reviews

#### "Hamlet's Note-Book."\*

HAMLET'S 'note-book' is Bacon's 'Promus,' which Mrs. Henry Pott edited some two years ago as a plea for the plaintiff in the Bacon *vs.* Shakspeare case. Grant White reviewed it in *The Atlantic*, and, as Mr. O'Connor believes, 'a work of great and permanent value' was thus 'fatally prejudiced with the public.' 'Much was expected from it'—that is, by the Baconians; but by his 'derision and contemptuous abuse, the desire even to look at it was extinguished.' Under these circumstances, Mr. O'Connor thought 'it was high time to review the reviewer,' and wrote this criticism; but before it was printed in the magazine that had accepted it, Mr. White died. Thereupon Mr. O'Connor called back the manuscript; and he prints it now only because Mr. White's article has been included in the posthumous volume of his 'Shakspeare Studies.'

As a reply to Mr. White the 'Note-Book' does not amount to much. Certain trivial slips, such as that brilliant but somewhat careless writer was apt to make, are shown up and chuckled over; and the stock arguments of the Baconians are restated in a smartly sophistical style. To offset Mr. White's quotations from what he calls 'the most striking' of the 'parallelisms' between Bacon and Shakspeare given by Mrs. Pott, others are cited which Mr. O'Connor regards as really 'striking'; but most of these are either proverbial expressions, like 'a fool's bolt is soon shot' and 'all that glitters is not gold,' or equally familiar figures or allusions, like the 'chameleon' or 'Proteus' as symbols of changeableness. We are told that these coincidences are not to be found to the same extent in any other pair of authors; but even if this were true—a careful examination would probable show that it is not true—no argument can be based upon such accidental inequality in the distribution of insignificant similarities of expression. There are parts of Shakspeare's plays which we know he did not write—in 'Henry VI.,' for instance, and 'Timon of Athens,' and 'Pericles'; but all these are shown to be Bacon's by the same processes that are employed to prove him the author of 'Hamlet' or 'Othello.' Mr. O'Connor, for example, quotes from the 'Promus,' 'Qui dissimulat liber non est (He who dissembles is not free);' and from 'Pericles' I. i., 'The dissembler is a slave.' *Ergo*, Bacon wrote the first act of 'Pericles.' Mr. Fleay says George Wilkins wrote it, and it is bad enough to be his; but if the Baconians can make out a claim to it, no Shakspearian scholar will interfere. It is enough that Shakspeare did not and could not have written it. On the other hand, Shakspeare, with his mere grammar-school knowledge of Roman literature and history, made blunders which the scholarly Bacon was incapable of making; as confounding Decimus and Decius Brutus in 'Julius Cæsar,' and calling Cæsar's wife Calphurnia—an impossible Latin form—instead of Calpurnia. In fact, both these names which Shakspeare copied as he found them in a translation of a translation—North's Plutarch—appear in their correct form in an extract from Bacon's Essay on Friendship, which Judge Holmes, with curious fatuity, quotes as a 'parallel' to a portion of 'Julius Cæsar!' The Sage of St. Alban's could as soon have put 'Richard Conqueror' for William *ditto*—like Sly in 'The Shrew'—as Decius Brutus for the historical Decimus.

The Baconians are not likely, however to profit much by Mr. O'Connor's championship, for he has a little theory of his own about the authorship of the Sonnets which leads him

to make some very damaging concessions to the enemy. He refers to what he calls Mr. White's 'brief demonstration that Bacon could not possibly have written the Sonnets,' and adds that 'the considerations he advances are manifestly conclusive.' He denies that Mr. White is justified in assuming that therefore Bacon did not write the plays; and yet nothing is easier than to show by 'parallelisms' like those—or better than those—the Baconians lay so much stress upon, that whoever wrote the Sonnets must have written the plays. But who did write the Sonnets? Nobody but Sir Walter Raleigh, if we may believe Mr. O'Connor. Do not the first and last letters of his name agree with the mysterious initials of the 'Mr. W. H.' who is called 'the onlie begetter' of the poems in the dedication of 1609? And who is the 'T. T.' that signs the same dedication? Not Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, as all the editors and critics and commentators have hitherto agreed, though they have agreed on almost nothing else connected with the book; but Thomas Hariot (note the two ends of *his* name, as in the case of Sir Walter's, and be convinced!), who was Raleigh's friend and confidant during his imprisonment in the Tower. Mr. O'Connor adds: 'The means and leisure necessary to establish these assertions beyond cavil, and spread open the meaning of the Sonnets, will probably never be at the command of the writer; but patient and candid scholars, better situated, will not be ungrateful for these offered clews.' May this be? Is it to be hoped that two of these Sonnet-interpreters will take the same track instead of flying off in radiating lines like so many cats disturbed in a midnight serenade by the unappreciative brickbat? We shall see what we shall see, as the pious Turks say.

#### "A Moonlight Boy."\*

IF Mr. Howe in his first novel, 'The Story of a Country Town,' filled us with high expectations of a new American novelist, and in his second, 'The Mystery of the Locks,' sadly disappointed us, he has in his third effort, 'A Moonlight Boy,' made up for the disappointment and fulfilled the expectations. He seems, indeed, with ease and readiness to have freed himself from almost all his faults, and to have developed all his better qualities as a writer. He has risen above the narrow, though clever, power of writing a good story of strong local color, and attained the power to write a fine story of the human nature of the world; and he has emerged from the doleful, doubtful and useless tragedy of utterly hopeless representations of life, into a rendering of quite commonplace material, so sunny, so genial, so mirth-provoking and so tender, that the reader who is not quite hardened reads with mingled tears and smiles. Mr. Howe's work has often suggested that of Dickens, and 'A Moonlight Boy' is more like Dickens than ever in general characteristics, though the execution and the types are as original as if Dickens had never existed. But the author follows Dickens in the idea of selecting, not exceptional heroes or exceptional villains for his drama, but at least exceptional individuals, and making his quaint characters individual by allowing each to have a single trait which always comes to the front. It was said when large plaids came in fashion for trousers, that it took two men to show the whole pattern; and one might almost say of the work of both Dickens and Mr. Howe that it takes a whole book to illustrate human nature, no one character ever being a rounded human being, or a bundle of possibilities, but always a creature of one trait, one feature, one purpose, inexorable and changeless as death. Neither Dickens nor Howe cares to touch upon the power of circumstance, of heredity, of fate, in balancing each human life on a pivot, to be rocked to tumultuous results by the breath, perhaps, of a zephyr. Their characters all come into the world like Minerva, ready for action, incapable of being, doing or suffering anything but the one thing for which the novelist wants them to fill a vacant niche

\* Hamlet's Note-Book. By W. D. O'Connor. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* A Moonlight Boy. By E. W. Howe. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.



in his museum. This does not detract in the least from the skill of the novelist, as each proves himself capable of creating and understanding more than one type by having a great many widely different individuals; it merely marks a habit of mind, a peculiarity of workmanship, in which alone the two novelists resemble each other; the character of Howe's novels being as quaintly different from any of Dickens's as Dickens's were from those of average fiction.

The success of 'A Moonlight Boy' is largely due to the way in which the point of view is preserved. The 'Boy' tells his own story; and clever, pathetic, unique, touching as it is, it never passes beyond what might be expected from an honest, straightforward, ill-born and lowly-bred youth, the pathos of whose life is less that he is in every sense awkward, than in the fact that he has intelligence enough to know that he is awkward without power to become anything else. One of the delicate touches in the book is the rough appreciation of the lad for the feeling of his supposed mother in finding him a disappointment; he does not complain, or pity himself; he pities her, as she still sits in the bay-window, 'listening for the footsteps of the boy who would have been welcome in that house;' and it is another skilful point in the author, that he lets his reader, too, feel the same sympathy for the mother. Our hearts are bound up in the awkward lad, and the mother is a poor creature who says and does very little, and nothing attractively; yet for the moment we pity her, and feel that the boy, good at heart as he is, must have been something of a disappointment. Another fine point in the story is that the author, who has chosen a foundling for his hero, is content to leave him a foundling. He does not create lords and ladies and potentates for his suddenly found relative on the last page; but leaves him as he took him—the child of unknown parents, brought up in rude circumstances, and a hero only as all of us may be heroes if we care to be.

#### Science Drawn Mild, and Pseudo-Science.\*

The two first books on our list belong to the Illustrated Library of Wonders, and are designed to present their subjects in an extremely popular and easy manner. The first (1) is a very respectable book; that is, it is for the most part reasonably accurate, and not very unreasonably out of date. Young folks would find it interesting and profitable reading. As to 'Thunder and Lightning' (2), we cannot say so much. Inaccuracies are numerous, and the scientific standpoint is about that of the year 1800, when the 'electric fluids' were implicitly accepted as material entities. The illustrations are, many of them, of the 'penny dreadful' sort; and as for the style, it is largely impressive French bombast. This style is said to be catching, and our young people ought to be guarded against it, as against diphtheria.

We regret to have to class Mr. Kedzie's book (3) as pseudo-science, but fear it must go into that category. The author misconceives the principle of the conservation of energy, and so is led into numerous blunders and misstatements. At the same time he is not to be counted as one of the ordinary run of 'paradoxers.' His fundamental idea is that the radiant energy which goes out from the sun as light and heat, is transformed in the ether of space into other kinds of motions, which manifest themselves in gravitation, and, returning to the surface of the sun, are there again retransformed into heat and light—the cycle being endless. More of his speculation is old than he seems to know, nor is it by any means now denied by science that some such transformation may really occur: only we have as yet no evidence of it, nor any satisfactory explanation of its possibility. As things stand, it is a foundationless speculation.

\* 1. Meteors, Aerolites, Storms and Atmospheric Phenomena. From the French of Zücher and Marguill, by William Lackland. 2. Thunder and Lightning. By W. De Touville. Translated and edited by T. L. Phipson. \$1 each. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 3. Solar Heat, Gravitation and Sunspots. By J. H. Kedzie. \$1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 4. Geonomy—Creation of the Continents by Ocean Currents, etc. By J. Stanley Grimes. \$1. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 5. The Electric Theory of Astronomy. By B. T. Kavanagh, M.D., D.D. Cincinnati: Printed for the Author.

And the non-professional reader should be warned, as intimated above, that the book is full of errors. 'Geonomy' (4) is no better—nor so good, on the whole. The author's vanity and pride in his 'great discovery' are obtrusive and disagreeable, and his speculations are still less able to stand scientific criticism. 'The Electric Theory of Astronomy' (5) is paradox pure and simple, of the most exquisite 'Willford Hall' variety—in fact, the work has already been partially published in Mr. Hall's organ, *The Microcosm*.

#### The Labor Problem.\*

Books on the labor problem appear with great rapidity. It is the question of the hour, and it has its solution from all possible points of view. Here are half a dozen works waiting for notice, most of them worthy of serious attention, and one or two of them possessed of much merit. We will begin with the best (1), which is the completest history of labor with which we are acquainted. The special object of the writer is to show the relations of labor to land, and he traces the history of these relations in ancient Israel; in the great kingdoms of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome during the middle ages, devoting a chapter to Christianity as it affects society; under the Mohammedan system; in Russia and modern Asiatic countries; in modern Europe; in the British Empire; among the aborigines of America; among the early European settlers in America; and in the United States. The land policy of the United States is severely condemned, and the railroads are attacked as strongly as by Mr. Hudson. The object of the book is to prove that the interests of the working people of the Republic are being alienated in behalf of the railroads and monopolies of all kinds, and to show that great evils are already arising out of our methods of disposing of the public lands. The book is ably written and its argument is presented with terrible emphasis. The anonymous author of 'Class Interests' (2) writes much to the same intent, his purpose being to point out the growth of the class spirit in this country and the evils which are resulting therefrom. The present methods of taxation, he maintains, are favorable to the rich and oppressive to the poor. He also ably discusses the growth of monopolies, and says that their effect is to develop a special class of very wealthy men. This class then gains undue influence in legislation, and in many ways exercises a power not in keeping with republican institutions. The author writes calmly, with much feeling and sympathy, however, and only after a careful study of his subject.

Our next book (3) presents Christianity as the remedy for the growing spirit of socialism. The author writes from a clergyman's point of view, with a conviction that the labor problem simply needs the application of Christianity in a practical manner. He has evidently studied the subject in an earnest spirit, and he is familiar with the best writers on political economy. His sympathies are strongly on the side of labor, but he has no patience with socialism, and he discusses its false premises and conclusions with a strong feeling of dislike. Its opposition to religion and to the family makes him believe it utterly false. He writes well, however, on the rights of labor, the responsibilities of wealth, the causes of pauperism and its cure, and on the treatment of the criminal classes. We feel that he has not quite grappled with the bottom facts of the problem of labor, but we are sure the book will do much good if widely read among Christian people. But now we come to a book which is an exposition and defence of socialism (4), and purports to be written by a capitalist. The author is a zealous champion of the cause he advocates, and he believes very strongly in socialism as the remedy for the evils which have come upon the working classes. The book is written with much ability,

\* 1. Labor, Land and Law. By Wm. A. Phillips. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. Class Interests. By the Author of Reforms. D. Appleton & Co. 3. Socialism and Christianity. By A. J. H. Behrends. Baker & Taylor. 4. Rational Communism. By a Capitalist. Social Science Publishing Co. 5. French and German Socialism in Modern Times. By Richard T. Ely. Harper & Bros. 6. Labor Differences and their Settlement. By Joseph D. Weeks. The Society for Political Education.

and does not present socialism as that frightful thing Dr. Behrends finds it to be. It is written by one who is far from being fanatical, who has given much attention to political economy, and who is anxious to help labor and to dignify it. This work is properly followed by Dr. Ely's history of European socialism (5), which gives us in a small compass all the leading facts on the subject. He deals especially with the socialism of France and Germany, describing its advocates and their theories. He has already made himself well known to those interested in these subjects by his writings, this work having been before the public for three years, and now reappearing in a cheap edition for general circulation.

Our last book is by no means the poorest, though it is only a tract of seventy-nine pages (6). It is issued as one of the 'Economic Tracts' of the Society for Political Education, an organization which is doing a highly important work in a quiet way. Mr. Weeks deals especially with the methods of settling labor difficulties. He discusses the various methods which have been proposed, preferring that of voluntary arbitration and conciliation. His pamphlet is one of the best of the many publications on the labor problem which have appeared during the last year or two. It is sound, reasonable, cautious; and the remedy it proposes is practicable.

#### A Symphony of Poets.\*

THERE are symphonies and—symphonies; symphonies celestial and symphonies terrestrial (with a pun at the end). At dawn these early summer mornings it is difficult to trace any distinctive voice in the innumerable symphonic twitter of the birds—symphonic in the sense of twittering together; cat-bird, lark, lettuce-bird, robin, blue-bird—all twitter and chitter alike, and there is the simple sense of universal symphonic joy: that is all. All the birds are tipsy with the dews and the up-breathing flowers and the floating and flimmering discolorations in the east. None remembers that he is distinctly a lark with a silvery thrill in his throat, a cat-bird with a Boehm flute somewhere in his neck-feathers: all dance on tiptoe, or tarantella-dance in the air, or shout symphoniously the glad tidings of the universal awakening.

So it is with our symphony of poets. We can't tell for the life of us which is lark and which is lettuce-bird, which is song-sparrow and which is vesper-thrilling hermit-thrush. There is nothing absolutely distinctive in the trio (our fourth volume is a compilation). They all strike us as exceedingly young and alive simply with the joy of existence. 'A Book of Verses' (1) is a sort of average youth's book of verses—something like the picture obtained by composite photography, in which everything salient is flattened and effaced, and a generalization of the human physiognomy is the result. If there is a salient feature in the volume, it is found in the pretty sonnet 'Mari Magno.' 'Under the Pines' (2) might just as well have been sung under the willows or under the lindens, for all that it possesses of characteristic flavor. It is a series of experiments—and very odd ones, too—in rhymeless quantitative classical metres. Such experiments—Matthew Arnold and Tennyson to the contrary notwithstanding—limp like all the *teufels*, and should be relegated to their proper limbo in the kingdom of Old King Scazon. There is a redemptive piece or two in the book, one of which is the touching 'Likeness on the Wall.' The further on we get in our symphony the madder, more Walpurgis-Night-like it grows. By the time we reach 'Etchings in Verse' (spelt with an *I* more properly) we are a thorough convert to Thomas Carlyle's opinion that verse-form is an anachronism in these times, and to Macaulay's, that the more scientific an age is, the less poetic and imaginative it will be (3). At least we must ascribe it to the electric lights and phonographs that we can discover no needle in Mr. Underhill's

haystack. His Part I. ('Songs in Minor Keys') came to him 'in the Kingdom of the Gloaming,' which, on a little investigation, turns out to be no less than the geographically well-known land frequented by the feet of Edgar Poe. We see at once where he got the 'fallen seraphim' and the 'lurid lustres,' from which we trace out his psychological pickings and stealings. His ungentlemanly use of a well-known lady's name in certain wretched stanzas at the back of his book, however, shows no affinity with Poe.

It is a relief to turn from this—well, we won't say what!—to the belated 'Christmas-Tide in Song and Story,' which is an anthology of prose and poetry on the celebration of our high-feast. Many beautiful sacred and secular poems are found in this collection—poems by Sir John Bowring, Giles Fletcher, Dickens, Dr. Hedge, Jeremy Taylor, Ben Jonson, Thackeray. It is a 'hash' without any *haschisch*: a pleasing compilation of prose and poem bits from the portfolios of the celebrated masters, as pleasant to look at as a queen daisy or an Annunciation lily. It closes our symphony most agreeably, and leaves an abiding sweetness in our memories.

#### Magazine Notes

THOSE who do not know Mr. Frank Stockton at all, and those who know him best, will be equally delighted with the piquant sketch of his life by Clarence Clough Buel, accompanied by two portraits, in *The Century*. The reading world is grateful to Mr. Stockton for giving it, not merely so much humor, but so much refined humor. In intellectual fibre his humor is more like that of the beloved Autocrat than almost any other we have had, while its fantastic, imaginative touch is all Mr. Stockton's own. —Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge write together of 'Cross-Country Riding in America,' with the just comment that we need not avoid, any more than we need encourage, the sport, simply because it is English. A delightful paper by E. S. Starr on 'Homing Pigeons,' with exceedingly fine illustrations, tells us that the author's long experience with the methods and vagaries of the bird leads her to rank its performance as the highest act of which an animal is capable, and readers will be surprised to learn to how much practical use the bird is put. 'Two Runaways,' one of them being a slave and the other his master, is a delightfully funny story by H. S. Edwards. 'A Day in Surrey with William Morris,' by Miss Lazarus, is a host in its very title, promising many pleasant things and giving even more than it promises in a clew to Mr. Morris's theories, and practice, as to wages and profits. Edward L. Day also discusses the labor question, from the point of view of a Western manufacturer, while Theodore L. De Vinne, who prints *The Century* and *St. Nicholas*, gives his views on co-operation, believing that with all the evils of the present wage-system, the preference of the great army of the employed is for fixed wages with no responsibility. —The War papers are chiefly on New Orleans, and are full of interest with their spirited anecdote; while a lady contributes her recollections of Shepherdstown during Antietam week. Augustine Heard describes the causes and results of the French war in China, and Rev. Leighton Parks visits a monastery of one of the Buddhist sects of Japan.

It is right enough that a contemporary review should give prominence to the Irish question, and *The Contemporary Review* for June has two articles on it; but most people, not English politicians, will turn promptly to Max Müller's article—or address—on 'Goethe and Carlyle,' or rather on Goethe, with Carlyle as a subordinate figure, incidental rather than essential. Goethe is discussed as an advocate and representative of a world-literature, which already unites the thoughts and tastes of nations, without having made much impression, as yet, on their affections and purposes. Prof. Müller seems to expect too much from literature. Indeed, in the nature of the case, the influence of pure literature in cementing people to people must be not only slow, but subordinate. Literature is great by virtue of universal elements. But passion and interest, which divide persons and nations, are intensely individual and self-assertive. The great literatures do not reach down to them. They do not appear related to them. There is, of course, a modifying and enlarging effect of the universal literature on the particular life; but it is one of the age-movements, not a transformation that we can measure year by year or decade by decade. When it seems to be such, other and deeper forces are at work. If anything could be a foreshadowing type of a union through literature, it might

\* 1. A Book of Verses. By A. M. Lord. Cambridge, Mass. Privately Printed.  
2. Under the Pines. By M. F. Bridgman. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.  
3. Etchings in Verse. By A. F. Underhill. \$1. New York: Brentano Bros.  
4. Christmas-Tide in Song and Story. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.



perhaps be thought to be the friendship between Goethe and Carlyle. They were widely unlike. Carlyle was moralist first and always, Goethe first and always man-of-letters. If literature could bind such men together, it might be trusted to unite most diverse national types. But in fact the tie between these two was more personal than literary; breadth and the calm large view on one hand, intensity and searching moral judgment on the other, with a mutual and self-completing attraction between them, and a fitting of each into each. It may be questioned whether the mutual liking was not better sustained by their somewhat distant observation of each other than it would have been by the close intimacy of fellow-townsmen; but in any case it was personal, and exceptional. The purpose and spirit of Prof. Müller's address are, however, most admirable, and we trust the English Goethe Society, whose institution it marks, may live long and accomplish much in the direction in which his wishes point.

*The New Princeton* is again to be congratulated on a brilliant number. Prof. Norton heads the list of contributors for July with a paper on Carlyle, noteworthy in two respects; first, that it represents him as more gentle, lovable and mellow than the current notion supposes, and secondly, that it indicts Mr. Froude for treachery and gross carelessness in editing the *Reminiscences*. Prof. Norton speaks by the book, after comparing the printed pages of Mr. Froude with the original manuscript of Carlyle. W. J. Stillman writes strongly and with profound truth on 'The Decay of Art'; Bishop Potter with firmness and judgment on 'The Sunday Question,' and Professor Farnham very discriminatingly on 'The Clergy and the Labor Question.' Prof. Conn discusses 'The Origin of Life,' and Louis Swinburne gives 'Reminiscences of Helen Jackson.' Frances Courtenay Baylor has a collection of old colonial and Revolutionary documents to exhibit, and Miss Flora L. Shaw contributes 'An Episode'—a slight but delicate English story. Only at one point have we a little quarrel with the management. Far too great an age is claimed for this periodical. For no one-and-sixty years have we, or our fathers, been having any such *Princeton Review* as this.

*Outing* is a capital member. The short story of 'Mars and Mammon,' which might be suspected in its title of a pun upon Mammas and Mammon, by Daniel Buxton, is exceedingly sprightly. 'Around the World on a Bicycle,' by Thomas Stevens, after informing the world that Mr. Stevens is crossing the 'Kizil Irmak' (whatever that may be) to 'Yuzgat' (wherever that may be), has a dramatic climax in being followed by notes to the effect that he and his bicycle have been arrested on trying to penetrate the Afghan territory. 'To be continued in our next' is therefore a matter of doubt as to the journey, though readers will remain in suspense to learn the sequel of this true story.—Lieut. Bigelow, still 'After Geronimo,' has reached the point of seeing a Lieutenant who thinks Geronimo is dead. Theodore Roosevelt kills, not only his last elk, but the last elk, in the vicinity of his ranch on the Little Missouri. Capt. Coffin continues his 'History of American Yachting'; and if the reader is not yet cloyed with excitement, he can read how Capt. Edward Kemeys bit a wolf to death. Whympers's tragic account of 'The Matterhorn' is well worth reprinting.

*The Overland* publishes, under the sponsorship of Lawrence Barrett, an interesting paper by John T. Doyle on Shakespeare's law, as shown in the case of Shylock. A. A. Sargent writes of 'Irrigation and Drainage,' reviewing the decision of the Supreme Court, and the conditions and needs of the State, in regard to the relation of the common law riparian doctrine and irrigation rights. He pleads strongly for a reversal of the decision. There are descriptive articles on 'Unfrequented Paths of Yosemite,' 'Tenting Sketches,' 'Around the Horn in '49,' 'Crossing the California Sahara' and 'A Cruise on a Cayuse,' the 'cayuse' being 'the Indian among horses,' whose definition and pedigree we recommend as a novelty to the compilers of the Century Dictionary. The fiction is good, the serial 'Chata and Chinita' not being extravagant for a country whose realism is romance, and 'A Romance of South Dome' being a lively account of the experimenting of two naughty young ladies with 'one of the worst-brought-up fathers' they had ever known. The reviews in *The Overland* are always readable as literary articles, as well as book notices.

*The Forum* for July renews its testimony as to public interest in earnest matters. Questions and answers abound, as heretofore. 'Are We in Danger of Revolution?' is answered hopefully by Bishop Spalding. 'Should the State Teach Religion?' affirmatively, by President Seelye; 'Shall we Muzzle the Anarchists?' cautiously, by Prof. H. C. Adams; 'Is Labor a Com-

modity?' with a qualified negative, by Dr. Gladden; 'Should Foreign Authors be Protected?' in opposite ways, by G. P. Lathrop and Roger Sherman. An unnamed Episcopal clergyman makes 'Confessions.' (*The Forum* evidently believes in giving the cloth a fair chance.) Mr. Round talks about the way to reform discharged criminals, Ella C. Lapham about 'Woman's Duty to Woman' and Junius Henri Browne about 'The Manuscript Market'; while George W. Green gives 'Facts about Civil Service Reform.' And so the fifth number rounds out a good fifty readable articles on living topics published since the first of March.

*The Brooklyn Magazine* contains an entertaining account of 'Life among the Crackers' (appropriate to the Fourth of July number, though not referring to fire-crackers), by Zitella Cocke. George L. Manson contributes a brief but amusing article on 'The Nose in Literature.' 'Friend Max,' a serial by Sophie L. Schenck, opens with the pet plot of a young man condemned to lose a fortune unless he marries a specified lady; but the plot has this unusual variation: that the victim is permitted his choice of two young ladies. Mr. Beecher and Dr. Talmage supply their departments, and there are many brief Criticisms, Verses, Problems, Notes and Queries.—'My Friend Jim,' in *The English Illustrated*, still has a continued charm made up of mingled simplicity and shrewdness; and Sir Roger de Coverley, read by the light of Hugh Thompson's drawings, is as fascinating as though we had never read it before. 'A Garden of Memories,' by Margaret Veley, is the opening of a serial which promises unely, being full of picturesque color with an underlying moral strength. 'Modern Falconry' is by E. B. Michell, and 'Ostrich-Farming in the Cape Colony' by Newman Hope. An article on handwriting, by A. W. Mackenzie, has many *fac-similes* of interesting autographs.

### Dr. Jekyll and Dr. Grimshawe.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Critical readers of 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' may feel some interest in knowing what shape the same idea took in the mind of Hawthorne. Among the preliminary studies to 'Dr. Grimshawe's Secret' occurs the following:—'The great spider shall be an emblem of the Doctor himself; it shall be his craft and wickedness coming into this shape outside of him; and his demon; and I think a great deal may be made out of it. This shall be his venom, which has been gathering and swelling for thirty years; for, in all that time, those who knew the spider and the Doctor earlier, shall have seen the one was growing more swollen with spite and the other with venom. It must be an unsuccessful and ill-treated passion that first caused this.'

Making verbal substitutions, suppose we read thus:—'Mr. Hyde shall be an emblem of Dr. Jekyll himself—shall be his craft and wickedness coming into this shape outside of him; and his demon, etc.' Is it possible that Mr. Stevenson, with Hawthorne's startling, never-to-be-forgotten suggestion before him, and with the alluring words, 'I think a great deal may be made out of it' to tempt him on, did indeed thus come by the genesis of his story? It is not meant to insinuate more than a possible fact, or to discredit his originality, which by this time has a good pair of legs of its own to stand on. I should rather say Hawthorne has been quoted only lest it should be forgotten that he, too, beheld Mr. Hyde—though hideously as a venom-fattened spider.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

LEXINGTON, KY., 29 June, 1886.

### The Best Novels and Novelettes.

MR. F. M. CRUDEN, Librarian of the St. Louis Public School Library, recently asked a number of ladies and gentlemen, 'of extended reading and acknowledged taste,' to prepare lists of what they regarded as the best ten novels, the next best ten novels, and the best ten novelettes or minor novels. According to the St. Louis *Republican*, the lists collated show the following result, the number of votes obtained by each novel being given:

Best ten novels.—'Vanity Fair,' Thackeray, 34; 'Les Misérables,'

ables,' Hugo, 29; 'Newcomes,' Thackeray, 27; 'Romola,' Eliot, 26; 'Henry Esmond,' Thackeray, 25; 'Adam Bede,' Eliot, 23; 'David Copperfield,' Dickens, 23; 'Ivanhoe,' Scott, 23; 'Middlemarch,' Eliot, 20; 'Don Quixote,' Cervantes, 18; 'Mill on the Floss,' Eliot, 18; 'Scarlet Letter,' Hawthorne, 18.

Second best ten novels.—'Vanity Fair,' Thackeray, 17; 'Middlemarch,' Eliot, 14; 'Newcomes,' Thackeray, 12; 'Adam Bede,' Eliot, 11; 'Felix Holt,' Eliot, 11; 'Marble Faun,' Hawthorne, 11; 'Pendennis,' Thackeray, 11. The above seven hold undisputed rank in the second best ten. For the other three places there are ten candidates, each with nine votes: 'Consuelo,' Geo. Sand, 9; 'David Copperfield,' Dickens; 'Hypatia,' Kingsley; 'Ivanhoe,' Scott; 'Jane Eyre,' Brontë; 'John Halifax,' Craik; 'Last Days of Pompeii,' Bulwer; 'Mill on the Floss,' Eliot; 'Romola,' Eliot; 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Goldsmith.

Best ten novelettes.—'One Summer,' Howard, 13; 'Marjory Daw,' Aldrich, 12; 'Louisiana,' Burnett, 8; 'Undine,' Fouqué, 8; 'Cricket on the Hearth,' Dickens, 7; 'Little Women,' Alcott, 7; 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' Harte, 6; and each of the following-named, five: 'Chance Acquaintance,' Howells, 5; 'Colonel's Opera Cloak,' No Name Series; 'Daisy Miller,' James; 'International Episode,' James; 'Janet's Repentance,' Eliot; 'Madame Delphine,' Cable; 'Picciola,' Saintine; 'Rab and His Friends,' Brown; 'Silas Marner,' Eliot; 'Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby,' Hughes.

### Hawthorne.

HE stood apart—but as a mountain stands  
In isolate repose above the plain;  
Robed in no pride of aspect, no disdain,  
Though clothed with power to steep the sunniest lands  
In mystic shadow. At the mood's demands,  
Himself he clouded, till no eye could gain  
The vanished peak—no more, with sense astrain,  
Than trace a foot-print on the surf-washed sands.  
Yet hidden within that rare, sequestered height,  
Imperially lonely, what a world  
Of splendor lay! What pathless realms untrod!  
What rush and wreck of passion! What delight  
Of woodland sweets! What weird wind, phantom-whirled!  
And over all, the immaculate sky of God!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

### The Lounger

MR. ROBERT WATERS, author of 'How to Get On in the World'—a work published last year, and containing a lesson drawn, as stated on the title-page, from the life and writings of Cobbett,—writes as follows in a letter to Mr. Charles F. Wingate, from which I am permitted to quote:—"I have four numbers of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, containing four letters from 'Gath' (George Alfred Townsend), which four letters make nearly twelve columns of the paper, all of which is *verbatim et literatim* from my book on Cobbett, except about a quarter of a column of his own. The beauty of the thing is, that it all runs on as if written by himself. He commends my book, and speaks well of me—for which I am much obliged to him—and indeed he does me no harm; but the wholesale appropriations from the book are really amazing. One of the letters has not a word of his own. I suppose he reads the books; then writes a paragraph or two; and marks off in the back what his amanuensis is to copy. I believe he is paid at the rate of \$25 a column; so he has made much more by these letters than I have made by the book."

IF MR. TOWNSEND does follow the plan of letter-writing here briefly sketched by Mr. Waters, he is not alone in the practice. It is a most attractive way of 'making copy,' and must be gladly welcomed by journalists who have to 'turn out' a hundred columns or so of matter every week. There is only one apparent drawback to it—the certainty of some day being caught.

MISS CLEVELAND is full of hope for the West—not so much the 'wild West' which Buffalo Bill and his braves are exploiting in the tame East, as the tempered West of Chicago and the circumjacent States. In response to an invitation to go West and help the journal known as *Literary Life* to grow up with

the country, she has written a letter which should endear her to every Western heart. It palpitates in every line with a genuine enthusiasm for the Chicago sort of thing, and should be made the text of a leading article in every paper in Illinois. I cannot deny my readers the pleasure of reading its more striking passages:

While I may not be possessed of that energy and enterprise which is characteristic of the West, yet should I go to reside there, there is no telling what personal contact with your people may result in. I have always thought very highly of the Western people from the brilliant types I met in Washington. The business of conquering new regions brings forth and develops the finest elements of character. In the West man is rejuvenated by contact with a soil that seems to throb with electricity. I should say that *ennui* is a rare disease among your people. When society takes to its sofas and easy-chairs the blood-poisoning processes begin and the result, *ennui*, despondency, melancholy, pessimism. Chicago seems to me to have a high destiny as the Western metropolis of art, as it is now the metropolis of commerce. When Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, grew opulent in commerce, her career of glory in art began, and although at present the 'salt weed clings to the marble of her palaces' they are marble still. Why should not Chicago, the Venice of your Western Adriatic, array herself in 'Tyrian purple' and become renowned as the home of muses more vigorous than those of Greece? I have often wondered why Chicago and the West did not support a dozen at least of high class monthlies, as every little town in the East has its magazine. I have heard so much of Chicago, its architecture, its boulevards, its parks, etc., that I am most anxious to meet its enterprising people.

A PARAGRAPH is in circulation, in which Mrs. A. W. Rollins is described, or rather alluded to, as the wife of another man than her husband. As the note is sent out for publication by a well-known publishing house—that of D. Lothrop & Co.—it is just as well to head it off. It runs thus:—"Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, whose name appears as that of an original contributor to the July volume of 'Through the Year with the Poets,' is the wife of Daniel Rollins, Surrogate of New York City. Her verse, strong and delicate, has been felicitously characterized as 'poetry for poets.'"

MRS. ROLLINS is the wife of Daniel Rollins, but her husband is not the 'Surrogate of New York City.' His name is Daniel M. Rollins; and he is somewhat flippantly, and very inaccurately, described in the City Directory as an 'imp.' Mr. D. M. Rollins was an 'imp.' (which I take to be short for importer), but had the good luck to be able to retire from active business some years ago. Had he not done so, he would have been a heavy loser by the recent failure, for a million dollars, of the firm of H. H. Swift & Co., of which he was a member. As he is not only a gentleman of literary tastes, but a thorough-going man of action, I am not surprised to hear that he has tired of being simply a silent partner in a successful ranching-firm in Kansas, and proposes to go into business again on his own account. As it happens, he is a kinsman of Mr. Daniel G. Rollins, who has so long held the position of Surrogate of New York County (not City); but, as I said before, he is not that gentleman himself.

A FOOTNOTE on one of the first pages of Holt's edition of Tourguéneff's fascinating 'Annals of a Sportsman,' informs the American reader that a *verste* is an eighth of a mile. Accordingly he is not impressed when the author, referring to the pedestrian powers of a certain sportsman, relates that he could walk fifty *verstes* a day. There are very few of us—cocknies though we be—who could not make our six and a quarter miles a day. When it comes to thirty-three miles, the case is different; yet that was the distance in Tourguéneff's mind. A *verste* (with or without the final *e*) is in reality about 3500 feet—in other words, two-thirds of a mile.

A FRIEND of mine, an amateur of the 'cello,' had occasion to ride up-town in a Third Avenue car one evening while the strikes were in progress. Wishing to save his instrument, if not his bones, from possible injury, he chose a seat at the front of the car, so as to be near the policeman who guarded the driver. The bluecoat—an Irishman, apparently—cast several furtive glances at the 'cello, and then engaged its owner in conversation. 'You're lucky in getting time to practise nowadays,' he remarked; 'it's weeks since I've had a chance to play a note.' My friend was interested. 'What instrument do you play?' he asked. 'The one you've got there—the 'cello,' the policeman replied. And then he went on to relate that, as his two daughters played the piano and his son the violin, he had thought it a pity not to be able to take a hand in their amusements, and so had set to work and studied the violoncello. His teacher was



a colored virtuoso, who has a little band of his own, and who excels in writing down music from dictation, and transposing songs to suit the compass of a client's voice. We all knew the police were obliged to do double duty while the strikes lasted, but few of us fancied that the action of the rioters had the effect of breaking up quiet little musical parties in the families of our salaried protectors.

FROM a town of the Far West comes a new form of salutation, which is said to be in use alike with the cowboy in his truculent bravery and with the milder-mannered citizen. 'Well, what do you know to-day?' is the first word exchanged upon meeting an acquaintance. Slang as it is—a bidding for the local gossip of the day, no doubt,—still the remark is suggestive of the probable greetings of Socrates as he trudged about the streets of Athens, posing sophists, poets, painters, and others of that fine 'ilk.' Change one pronoun for another, and we have, 'What do I know to-day?'—a form that would have mightily pleased Montaigne, and one that would be extremely pertinent and useful in every-day practice.

### The Fine Arts

#### "Wonders of Art and Archæology."\*

THE latest issues in the Wonders of Art and Archæology Series are interesting and valuable to the general reader. In the first only bare outlines are given (1), the plan of the book appearing to be merely to present to the consideration of the reader a general idea of the existence of certain schools of architecture. The first chapter is devoted to the Celtic monuments which are regarded by the author as forming the foundation of all architectural science. Pelasgic and Etruscan monuments are next considered. Greek, Roman, Egyptian and Asiatic, and Gothic, Renaissance and English architecture are treated of in the various chapters. Illustrations, useful as helps to the memory rather than artistically meritorious, are scattered through the volume. The reader who has taken a bird's-eye view of architecture in this book is prepared for special investigation of the subject by means of standard technical works. The other issue of the series (2) has the field all to itself. It is perhaps the only popular book on Pompeii in which the artistic and architectural sides of the marvellous ruined city are given chief importance. It is a modern work, and places before the reader the result of the discoveries made down to the present day. Whoever knows his Pompeii will take pleasure in tracing the course of his former walks through the beautiful silent city, and in feeling again the enjoyable thrill of his first impressions of the place like the realization of a long-cherished dream. Whoever has the pleasure of a visit to Pompeii yet in store will be able to form, through these well-arranged and panoramic chapters, an excellent idea of what he will see. The artistic and architectural data are sufficiently full to make the work useful for reference, and its attention to detail makes it a good guidebook to refer to on the spot.

#### Art Note

WORK upon the second volume of the Scribners' 'Cyclopedia of Painters and Paintings,' edited by J. D. Champlin, Jr., is going on very rapidly, and the book will be ready for delivery in the autumn. Among its full-page plates are reproductions of paintings of Meissonier, Sir Frederick Leighton, J. P. Laurens, Puvis de Chavannes, Millais, Jules Breton, Rossetti, and others; while the outline illustrations will reach one hundred or more, as in volume one. The portraits are even more numerous, there being more than two hundred.

### The Analysts Analyzed.

THE following is the text of an address delivered last month by Mr. Maurice Thompson before the Women's Club of Indianapolis:—

Realism in fiction is of French origin, and it owes its existence in its present form to clever talents kept well in hand. True genius never has been contented with doing photographer's

work, nor has it ever taken kindly to mere reporting. It is safe to say that not one instance of genius, pure and simple, stands forth clearly defined among realistic writers. I should like to make this assertion with due regard for the high value of certain performances of the analytical novelists, but without any reservation or qualification. Genius is a power whose exponent is imaginative lift, and there is no imaginative lift in analytical realism. It may be true that the curiosity and selfishness of any age are tempted and charmed from day to day by pictures and caricatures of commonplace contemporaneous life and manners, much more than by any works of lofty imagination; but this merely proves that nothing else is so attractive to human vanity as a looking-glass. Where is the realistic novel that will live two hundred years? or where is the one that has the right to live a hundred years? It is the fashion to twirl the thumb at Scott's stories now, but the stories do not appear to mind it, they hold their own. Some clever realists affect to laugh down the romances of Victor Hugo, and yet every student of literature feels that one of the strongest voices of all time will live eternally in those romances. Realism is essentially of to-day and for to-day, whilst the ideal creations of genius are for all time. To make a transcript from life is the work of a trained hand guided by a correct vision, and is the mechanical work of the copyist, the product of mere talent. To create something that shall charm the soul of every intelligent beholder throughout the ages, is the act of genius. A photograph is very pleasing; but a work by a master-painter takes hold of the soul and lifts it to heaven!

From the first the realists have felt the slowness of their foothold and have sung their own praises in season and out of season; nor have they hesitated to affect to ridicule all the rest of the world. In their eyes the admirers of Scott and Hugo and Goethe, Milton, Dante and Homer are to be classed with the children who read and believe in 'Jack the Giant-Killer!' It must be understood that I here speak of realists as they are; for in the sense of being true to life, realism is the very soul of poetry and of romance, of painting, of music and of sculpture. There is a difference between making a minutely truthful copy of a landscape and creating a landscape picture which shall forever exhale, so to speak, the fragrance of its maker's genius. The landscape must be true to nature, and it must also be true to imagination, for art at its highest is not the result of cleverly finished transcribing. The novel should be true to human life, but it should also possess some element of that higher life for which the human soul forever pants. Homer and Milton and Shakspeare are realists in the sense of being true to nature, from the artistic point of view, in their greatest works, but it is the elevating force of creative genius which in each instance has secured immortality for both creator and creature. It does not serve the realists' turn for them to say in effect that a novel is not a work of art, nor can they avoid the whip of just criticism by claiming that style is everything and subject nothing, for in either case they admit the low order of their calling.

I have said that realism, as practised by the fiction-makers of to-day, is of French origin, but I hasten to add that Balzac is not to blame for it. Balzac was a realist, but not of our sort. He was a genius and therefore inimitable; moreover, he was a story-teller whose plots were models of ingenuity and whose characters were creations. It is a great strain upon one's patience for one to see the realists and analysts of to-day pointing to Balzac as their patron saint. True, he was exquisitely analytical in his methods; so were Poe and Hawthorne; but his best work contains the powerful influence of a robust imagination and the charm of a subtle human sympathy. With him style, as our realists understand it, was nothing, the picture was everything. He was virile, inventive, synthetic. His faults, however, are all traceable to realism and analysis, and are connected with a passion for the commonplace, for the filthy and for the mean. Whenever he forgets to be trivially analytical he rises to a great height of passion or to an airy plane of beauty. But the roots of realism run farther back than to the fiction of Balzac; they reach beyond the Renaissance in France, even into the Fifteenth Century. No doubt the analysts of America, England and France are to-day enjoying the prospect of immortality, firmly convinced that they are as elect as they are tedious and commonplace; but they are, in fact, the highest exponents of a literary decadence. They are confessed time-servers, given to unblushing self-praise and to intemperate attacks upon every literary form save realism.

I mention this striking characteristic of the analysts as proof of their recognition of the fact that realistic fiction, as we now have it, is a mere vogue which requires the constant care of its votaries to keep it alive. Style and humor count for more, with the analysts, than creative force; indeed, they scout the idea of

\* 1. Wonders of Architecture. From the French of M. Lefèvre. With a chapter on English Architecture, by R. Donand. 2. The Wonders of Pompeii. From the French of Marc Monnier. \$1 each. (Wonders of Art and Archæology.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

any more exalted literary power than the power of depicting social life in its commonest and most trivial phases. Genius, from their point of view, is nothing more than a natural aptitude supplemented by training. Of course their doctrine forces them to place great stress upon the importance of ringing the changes on foibles and peccadilloes of character, instead of attempting to imagine noble instances of human self-sacrifice, of lofty aspiration and of soul-stirring passion. They prefer the commonplace *beau* to the hero, and nothing so delights them as the business of mildly defaming womankind under the pretence of analyzing unimportant motives and of drawing the frivolous details of feminine character. Another whim of the realists is their aversion to having a fiction end pleasingly. With them it is 'bad form' to aim at anything but merciless dissection. They deem it proof positive of a fibreless intellect for one to care about the outcome of a story. The persons who languish as characters in their works are left at last in the state of cadavers after a clinical lecture, cut, sawed, picked to pieces, disgraced and abandoned. This is all done in obedience to what the analysts call the 'rigid demand of art.' I imagine that the average American is beginning to grow a trifle tired of hearing the name of Thackeray trumpeted down every wind, as if those clever society sketches he wrote and his merciless caricatures could be foisted into a sort of cheap immortality by men who ape his manner but fall short of his inimitable effect. Thackeray was a species of English Balzac superbly clever and clean, without Balzac's genius, and superior to Dickens in nothing but style. Thackeray has affected literature more than Dickens has, but Dickens has had the greater effect upon the world. Realistic novelists will read Thackeray fifty years from now, while the world will be reading Scott and Dickens, just as the realists now read Balzac while the world prefers Hugo.

All this worship of the vulgar, the commonplace and the insignificant is the extreme of 'art for art's sake,' which is the last stage of decadence. The ultra analysts in fiction hold at the present time a position as untenable as that occupied by the so-called pre-Raphaelites in painting and poetry a few years ago. They are sprung, indeed, from the same stock as the Burne Joneses and the Dante Rossettis, the stock of early French *littérateurs* who gave their whole souls to artificial forms, or rather, to arbitrary forms of verse. Analytical novels are all alike in form, two parts of trivial conversation to one part of explanatory and quasi-humorous remarks by the author, and they are just as much expected to end dolefully as a certain form of old verse was expected to close with *L'envoy*. The after-taste is the true test of wines and fruits, but the realist insists upon giving to his fiction a lingering tang of vulgarity and hopelessness, with the express understanding that this tang is to be accepted as the badge of high art. In a word, the analysts, and notably those of the United States, are connoisseurs of the commonplace and the ephemeral, a sort of *dilettanti* with a *culte* for infinitesimals and for clinical gymnastics. A backward glance along the line down which realism has come to us reaches into the mists of the Fifteenth Century in France, and as one gazes one's vision is not impeded by a single colossal statue commemorative of realistic genius. Villon, Marot, Ronsard, Rabelais, Rousseau, Balzac, and on up to Hugo, all have made their effect upon the world by what they have created, not by what they have observed and reported. The photographers are dead; the painters, the sculptors, the poets, will live forever. Of all the literary sowings the surviving seeds owe their vitality to the fertilizing power of imagination, not to minute details of observation. Has any person ever phrased the patent fact that all the analysts are monotonously alike? Compare the striking dissimilarity of geniuses—no two of them all are in the least similar to each other. Every genius strikes out boldly for himself, hampered by no brief of precedents, handicapped by no vogue. He has no Balzac for his model, no note-book of a season in Paris, New York or Newport for his guide. He knows Nature, he knows life, he dares to use his imagination. Genius always manages to affect the trend of humanity, it is never a time-server, it never sits before a mirror patting its own cheek and exclaiming: How beautiful I am! Much less can it afford to laud its own devices and refer to its own works for instances. All the artificial, arbitrary forms of literary expression which captivated the taste of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries in France are comparable to the realistic vogue now dominating our fiction, and they were the signs of decadence and of renaissance. Given a certain number of verses and rhymes, arranged in a certain invariable order, and you had a poem. The procrustean bed demanded a fixed stature. The realists of to-day propose a like test for fiction; it must not overlap the foot-board of the usual, the ordinary. If we dare yawn over their performances, they complacently bid us brace up our

nerves and compress our tissues. They even wonder why it is that the world receives their great works with such a bored look upon its broad, patient face!

If there appears to be any doubt as to whether the world is bored with realism, please witness how delightedly it turns toward every promise of imaginative work. Robert Louis Stevenson in England and Frank R. Stockton in America, have broken the monotony of things lately by venturing to lightly avoid realism, and what a charm their writings have! These two are so close to us now that it would be folly for us to risk a guess touching their future, but it is quite safe to say that the world is drawing a deep comfort from the freshness and originality of their works. Any dash of new color, no matter if it be a trifle bizarre, pleasingly relieves the monochrome with which the analysts have washed the surface of fiction. New humor, though touched with drollery, is better than the diaphanous old phrase-trickery of the so-called realists. 'It is time to be old, to take in sail,' with the novelists who have no stories to tell, no spring of enthusiastic genius to loose, no deep vein of passion to tap, no nobler purpose than to succeed in flippant caricature and trifling details of common-place sketching.

Anthony Trollope was quite right from his own point of view, when he put novel-making upon a par with house-painting and horse-shoeing, for he wrote novels by the yard or by the job, to suit his customers. Indeed, Trollope was the ideal realist, if the phrase is permissible. All his enthusiasm was for the cash that lay at the end of his literary tasks. In fact, there is a shop-odor clinging to realistic fiction which suggests that it is written in a time-serving spirit to meet a demand of current fashion among thoughtless readers—in other words, written for the market.

Not long ago 'Romola' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' were offered to me as instances showing the highest power of realism; but 'Romola' is an historical romance dealing with the most picturesque sentiments, and Mrs. Stowe's great story is a picture of slavery idealized down to its lowest term, not of slavery as it really was. A humdrum sketch of average slave-life, drawn in the analytical spirit, could never have served the grandest turn of freedom. The 'imaginative lift' is in the dark romance of Uncle Tom, just as it is in the mighty sketches of 'Les Misérables,' impelling the reader, by the tremendous force of human sympathy, up to the highest pitch of moral enthusiasm. This is not the spirit of 'Jack the Giant-Killer'; but it is the thaumaturgy of genius. The death of Tita and the superhuman self-sacrifice of Romola in George Eliot's romance are far removed from being instances of realistic photographing; they are not scenes from actual life. One of the striking tricks common to contemporary realists is that of simulating a cordial good-humor and a perfect sincerity whilst nagging at the life-cords of the most sacred things. For instance, if the realist be a critic he will never fail to close up even his most favorable estimate of a book with a jolly sneer which he is sure will go to the very soul of the author. Indeed, it is a part of the analyst's religion to let pass no opportunity to experiment on the most sensitive nerves of one's patience and forbearance, and, at the same time, to try to disarm one's resentment by a show of the most catholic equity.

What a sentimental, vulgar, wooden world this would be if its people were like the characters that saunter through these novels of (so-called) real life! Who would guide the state, explore the seas, impel the spirit of large enterprises, fight the battles, deepen the vision of science and preach the Word? Is it true that a dapper society man who can emit a stream of conventional small-talk is of more interest than an Abraham Lincoln?—or, to change the question, is the hero to be abolished? Has the heroine been retired forever from fiction? Is a large purpose necessarily sensational? Is real life silly life?

It has been the boast of novelists that their works are becoming day by day the chief vehicles of popular education. If this be true, what shall we expect? Will the soul grow beyond the stature of its model? If our young men and young women are to be developed by reading the analytical novels of to-day, can we hope that they ever will reach heroic proportions? If 'transcripts from life' must all begin on a low plane and close disagreeably, then our children must become pessimists for art's sake, or they must not be taught by the realistic novels. Moreover, it is not puerile or indicative of a fibreless moral substance for one to desire a happy ending to a novel. On the contrary, a taste for disappointing conclusions is an artificial one, acquired at the expense of much that is necessary to perfect moral sanity. It is a disheartening insistence upon narrowing the limitations of genius and cramping the confines of art to say that imagination cannot compass a pleasing *finale* to every human predicament; nor is it a canon of wholesome fiction-making which



demands that life must be represented as leading to evil or disappointment, no matter what road we follow. *And so they were married and lived happily ever after* is not a cheerless, or fibreless, or discouraging sentence with which to close a story. People who marry and live happily ever after are the very salt of the earth, and it is good to know them; it is good to find them at the close of a fiction. They are real people. Marriage and happiness flowing therefrom are too beautiful to be dangerous to any worthy art. But in analyzing the analysts one finds a good deal that is charming. Human nature enjoys all this refined whittling at its projections and probing into its tissue. One is prone to feel that it is some one else the analyst is nagging at and that it is one's self at whom all the fine flattery is aimed. Even a woman may occasionally take a malicious delight in seeing some other woman's petty sins strung like beads upon a thread. Moreover, the self-complacency of the analyst is catching, and one smiles when one begins to discover the uses to which a persistent pretence of philanthropy and charity can be put. With what cordial grace the dissecting-knife is flourished before one's eyes, and with what suave tenderness the cutting is done! But the climax of one's satisfaction is reached when one discovers at last that it is a mannikin and not a man that is being flayed and dissected!—that it is a milliner's sign, and not a woman, that is being subjected to a clinical operation! All of the finely flippant turns of humor so well known to the analysts have a tendency toward reconciling one to almost anything no more startling than the pale incidents of an average novel. This much-abused and overworked humor is the one unqualified original element of the analyst's style, and he uses it with consummate skill, impaling it upon the most stinging bits of his malice, like pleasing drapery carelessly hung upon sharp spikes. We soon discover how thoroughly the analyst enjoys his own wit, and we good-naturedly join him in his quiet amusement, half expecting that presently we shall have a jolly time with him; but he never does anything louder than smile. It would be sensational and thoroughly out of form if he should so far forget himself as to laugh, like Dickens or Scott; or to thunder like Hugo!

There are two writers of fiction who like to be called realists and analysts, and who justly stand in the foremost ranks of contemporary novelists, against whom cannot be set the gravest sins of the ultra realist. I speak of M. Alphonse Daudet and Mr. W. D. Howells. M. Daudet is French to his heart's core and loyal to Paris, and Mr. Howells is true to America; but both are true, each in his way, to a genius as fine as it is perfectly controlled. Still, is Mr. Howells a realist to the total exclusion of the romantic element of art? Is not M. Daudet as much romancer as he is realist? Take 'A Woman's Reason' and 'Numa Roumestan' as examples of their performances, and we shall find the American and the Frenchman both gladly availing themselves of the most picturesque inventions. The lover's adventures on a Pacific island in the first-named story, and the passion of the beautiful Parisian girl for the Provençal peasant in 'Numa Roumestan' are far over on the side of very poetical and very charming romance. If ever there was a perfect example of delicious romance, 'The Lady of the Aroostook' was that example; it ever a writer made a book of airy *quasi* realism which was the very moonshine of dreams, Alphonse Daudet did it when he wrote his 'Lettres de mon Moulin.' Romance disguised as realism—and most artfully disguised, I may add—constitutes a large part, and far the most charming part, of Mr. Howells's fiction. His women are impossible to real life and his men never walked on ground or sailed on sea; but how interesting and consistent and how well drawn they are! Bartley Hubbard is as much a creation as is Jean Valjean, just as possible and just as improbable, when we come to apply the test of actual life. 'Numa Roumestan' is as greatly exaggerated—over-developed—at certain points, as is any leading character in the novels of Dickens or Scott. These are romantic pictures, but they are set in the framing, the *entourage*, of a finely simulated realism. We all know how persistently Mr. Howells denies the existence of genius, and how he extols the patient development of natural aptitude; nevertheless, every reader feels the subtle effect of a very rare, a very potential and a very fine genius in nearly everything that he has written.

He fascinates us, even in his most trivial dallying, and we acknowledge a quality as delicate as it is strong in every turn of his style. His literary tissue is healthy, the spirit of his work is even, calm, just, and his purpose is always pure. Nearly as much may be said of M. Daudet. From the French point of view, his work is on the side of reform, notwithstanding the peculiar odor of 'Sapho.' Neither Mr. Howells nor M. Daudet is a typical analyst—a type cleverly described in Mr. Henry James's phrase,

'a great little novelist,' which he applied to the author of 'Numa Roumestan.'

But it is still proper to put the only adequate test. If the method of Balzac is better than that of Hugo, why has Balzac fallen short of Hugo's effect upon the world? If Thackeray's art is better than Scott's, why has Thackeray failed to reach the hearts of men and women as Scott has? Why do not James's novels captivate the world? Comparisons may be odious, but comparison is a large element in just criticism; and I may add that the analysts, from the very nature of their theory of art, are not wise or safe critics. Mr. Howells, genial and lovable as he is, cannot hide his contempt for genius; and he is all the time savagely, if sometimes indirectly, attacking the methods of Hugo, Scott, Dickens, Goethe, and Hawthorne. Quite lately, in the Editor's Study of *Harper's Magazine*, he attacked Miss Murfree, because he imagined that she sympathized too much with her work, or, in other words, because he did not think she was quite cold-blooded enough. He quotes the following passage from her 'Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain':—'The wild winds whirled around the great Smoky Mountain and the world was given over to clouds and night, and the rain and the drops splashed with a dreary sound down from the eaves of the house.' Upon which quotation he comments thus:—'We know whom she learned that poor business of—who the great master was, that having done a fine thing, abandoned himself to hysterical emotion over it.'

Now suppose that we are to test Mr. Howells's criticism, and his good-nature as well, by a little comparison. For instance, let us take a passage of about the same length from Mr. Howells's analytical society story, 'Indian Summer.' Here it is:—'The lurid moral atmosphere which he breathed seemed threatening to become a thing apparent to sense and to be about to blot the landscape. He fought it back as best he could and kept the hovering cloud from touching earth by incessant effort.'

I dare not, in this connection, call attention to the curious infelicity of phrasing which makes a 'lurid moral atmosphere' seem to threaten to 'blot a landscape' in one sentence, whilst in the next it is fought back as a 'hovering cloud' which is kept 'from touching the earth by incessant effort'; but I may with adequate propriety compare this 'lurid atmosphere,' which is also a 'hovering cloud,' with Miss Murfree's 'wild winds.' I cannot readily recall 'whom Mr. Howells learned this poor business of,' indeed, I am not ready to say that it is 'poor business,' but it is, to be fair, quite as poor as that of Miss Murfree. The difference is the noted one betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. What I am calling attention to is the procrustean bed set up by the analysts. Mr. Howells makes fun of Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities' by calling Sidney Carton a 'Victor Hugoish martyr'—a slap which is intended to carom from Dickens's cheek to that of the great French Romancer. The plain implication of Mr. Howells's criticism is that the fiction-making art of Dickens and Hugo is not at all comparable to that of Mr. Howells. I am a staunch admirer of Mr. Howells's literature. His novels, of their kind, are, next to Thackeray's, the very best I have read; but their kind is not the highest, and Mr. Howells is not yet strong enough to banish the art of Scott, Goethe, Hugo, Hawthorne and Dickens by a turn of his wrist. I take it that Mr. Howells feels the weakness of his method, when viewed as other than that of a specialist, and strikes at the great synthetic or sympathetic geniuses as at the greatest danger to the influence of the specialists and analysts. This resurrection of Balzac and this apotheosizing of Thackeray are phases of a vogue—palpitations of a literary fashion-wave whose enthusiastic generators imagine it is to be eternal; but the wave, the vogue is already losing momentum. Nothing but creative power is vital and eternal in art. To speak frankly of Mr. Howells, I think he is a genius, but a specialist all the same, a genius holding a perfect mastery of its own field and its own method. His mistake is the mistake of all specialists; he imagines that his specialty covers the world—just as in science the analytical mathematician imagines that the vanishing limit of calculus is grander, from all points of view, than the speculations of La Place, or the art of Michael Angelo, or the literature of Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe or Hugo—just as a photographer might like his pictures better than those of Raphael or of Correggio! Mr. Howells is so true an artist in his special and narrowly limited field, however, that he ought to see how strong a light it puts his own 'business' under when he assumes for his method superiority over that of the great masters of romance.

At present Mr. Howells and the rest of the analytical realists are busy pushing Tolstol to the top of the hill. Without pausing to examine the justice of the Russian novelist's claim to greatness, one may readily take it for granted that this claim rests

upon a show of stolid indifference to high ideals and 'imaginative lift.' The dissection of some moral cancer is sure to be Tolstol's specialty. But Mr. Howells is so clean as a writer, so sane in his imaginings, so little given to making intrigue and moral degradation the objects of his microscope, that I cannot feel the propriety of his critical attitude disconnected from his implied admission that realism and the so-called analytical process in fiction need all the auxiliary instances anywhere discoverable.

Why does Mr. Howells worry so to assure us of the safe footing of his art-theory, if its practice is justifying itself? The readers of books are not to be driven. Public taste cannot be dominated by mere persistence and insistence. Give us the fruits—the instances. The sale of twenty thousand copies of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' is suggestive, especially when no analytical, realistic novel has done so well lately. It is curious criticism, this lauding of Tolstol and pooh-poohing of Hawthorne! It would be hard to find criticism more distinctly freighted with ulterior purpose than Mr. Howells's review of Sidney Luska's stories, as recorded in the current (July) *Harper's Magazine*. He says: 'By-and-by Mr. Luska will probable evolve his plot from his personages, rather than involve them in it.' We know what Mr. Howells is thinking of when he writes a paragraph like that. He is thinking of 'Ivanhoe' and 'Silas Lapham' with a clear preference for the latter. He is thinking of 'The Marble Faun' and 'A Modern Instance,' and wondering why people of good taste prefer the former. Indeed, Mr. Howells always gives this aftertaste to his criticisms. One feels what is the burden of it all. But, in the same paper above quoted from, Mr. Howells complains that the stage of to-day has a 'material theatre, but no drama.' Of course, Mr. Howells, how can we have drama without plot? It is your insistence upon the sacredness of the commonplace, the vulgar and the obviously real which has driven away the drama and substituted what we have. You would call 'Romeo and Juliet' a sensational play.

But Mr. Howells, though not a safe critic, is a better artist than Tolstol; and he is so venturesome and so audacious an inventor of human characteristics—he passes the limit of nature so often and so far in his pictures (of women especially), that he can ill afford to nag at the romancers. The truth is, it is his own delicate romancing that gives the most exquisite charm which hangs like a perfume about his two best works: 'The Undiscovered Country' and 'A Foregone Conclusion.' His realism is, to a large degree, simulated. His analyses are illusions with which he veils genuinely creative operations. He is all the time making such protestations against being considered a genius, that he nearly succeeds in hiding the methods by which one of the finest and sweetest imaginations that America has had creates its paradoxical men and charmingly impossible women.

Realism and analysis are very good words, they have a sound which is supposed to harmonize with the materialistic notes of to-day; but take the romance—the color and atmosphere which never were on land or sea—away from even the fictions of Zola, and there is left the very poorest dross of art. Say what the analysts may, the writer who sympathizes with his creations and feels some emotion of human passion in the course of the creative act, is the true artist, and his is the work that will live forever. It is said that Giotto bound a living man upon a cross, and then treacherously stabbed him to death, in order to paint him for a crucified Christ. This act of Giotto's may be taken as a typical instance of the realistic method. The analysts, as a rule, are more refined; but, in either case, the picture, no matter how cleverly painted, is sub-human and commonplace, lacking everything that is God-like in effect, and wholly lost in the mass of its details, evaporated into exquisite refinements of dilettanteism, or distorted by a deliberate cruelty of treatment into a mere hideous mockery of art.

### Current Criticism

'KETTLEDUM' AND 'PORK-BUTCHER' NOVELISTS.—For the arid psychology and *bourgeois* gentility of what is called the American school of fiction, Mr. Swinburne exhibits, we fear, no enthusiasm worth mentioning. Indeed, he refuses to accept the contemporary definition of the word 'novelist'—a story-teller who has no story to tell. Even the pork-butcher romancists (the followers of 'Hugh Conway') he would set above the writers of kettledrum epics, inasmuch as the pork-butcher school does at least know its own proper business. Charles Reade, however, he places very high—too high, perhaps, considering how his stories are marred by cockney conceit and Whitechapel banalities; though no doubt if Reade's work, so full of vigor, manliness, and energy, were to be compared only with the Bayswater elegancies of the contemporary 'kettledrum novelists,'

he would seem to stand out a Triton amongst minnows. So living and brilliant is the narrative in the first volume of 'Hard Cash,' that it is impossible to say what Reade might not have achieved in the art of pure narrative, had not his style been vitiated by a 'bumptious' self-consciousness unparalleled in any other writer. For colossal as is Victor Hugo's self-esteem, he is never bumptious. Yet here is where these two writers are wonderfully alike: in the midst of their finest imaginative flights we are constantly hearing the story-teller's voice, 'See how splendidly I am imagining.' It is their freedom from this vice that gives members of the pork-butcher school their undoubted power to arrest the reader's attention. Conceit does not prevent their 'making believe to believe.'—*The Athenaeum*.

WIDE INFLUENCE OF HARVARD AND YALE.—No one can visit Cambridge this summer without remembering that two hundred and fifty years ago, an acorn was here planted from which an oak has grown. No scholar can come from a distant State without wishing to offer his tribute, however inadequate it may be, to the wisdom which has governed the counsels of Harvard through eight generations. A graduate of Yale will, I trust, be pardoned for associating the name of his own Alma Mater with that of her elder sister. Their united influence has not only been strong in New England,—but strong in other portions of the land. It is difficult to surmise what would have been the condition of American society if these foundations had never existed. Their graduates have promoted the literature, the science, the statesmanship and the religion of the land,—but more than this is true. Their methods of instruction, their unwritten laws, their high endeavors and their academic spirit have reappeared in each new State of the West, as each new State has initiated its social order. To be governed by the experience of Harvard and Yale is in many an educational court an appeal to common law. To establish another Harvard or another Yale, to nurture the germ from which a great university might grow, has been the aspiration of many a patriot, of many a Christian.—*President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, in a recent address.*

A BOOK THAT DOES NOT DISAPPOINT.—'John Bodewin's Testimony' well sustains the reputation already won by the author. The story is one of a Western mining district in the United States, where the right of ownership in a lucrative mine is in litigation, and John Bodewin is the witness on whose evidence the issue of the suit virtually turns. He has strong reasons for unwillingness to testify; and the merit of the story consists in the play of motives which sway him in contrary directions, and in the skillful adaptation of the incidents of the tale to exhibit their working, as also the results which follow upon his final decision. There is less of directly local coloring and dialect than is usual in American stories dealing with the classes here represented; and the reader is accordingly not to look for the kind of handling which Mr. Bret Harte or Mr. Frank Stockton would severally employ in a similar case, but to expect his satisfaction to arise from carefully drawn types of character, and dramatic fitness of details—in which event he will not be disappointed.—*The Academy*.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—There are now published in the United States 14,160 newspapers and periodicals of all classes. The net gain of the year has been 666. The daily newspapers number 1216, a gain of 33. Canada has 679 periodicals. There are about 1200 periodicals of all sorts, which enjoy a circulation of more than 5000 copies each. The increase in the weekly rural press, which comprises about two-thirds of the whole list, has been most marked in States like Kansas and Nebraska, where the gain has been respectively 24 and 18 per cent. Kansas also shows the greatest gain in daily newspapers. The weekly press is gaining in Massachusetts, while the magazines and other monthly publications are losing ground there. The tendency of such publications toward New York City, as the literary centre of the country, is shown by the establishment there of not less than 23 monthly periodicals during the year. Some of the curiosities of newspaper statistics are worth a paragraph. There are 700 religious and denominational newspapers published in the United States, and nearly one third of them are printed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silkworm, six to the honey bee, and not less than thirty-two to poultry. The dentists have eighteen journals, the phonographers nine, and the deaf and dumb and blind nineteen. There are three publications exclu-



sively devoted to philately and one to the terpsichorean art. The Prohibitionists have 129 organs to the liquor-dealers' eight. The woman suffragists have seven, the candy-makers three. Gastronomy is represented by three papers, gas by two. There are about 600 newspapers printed in German and forty-two in French—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

**CALDECOTT'S GROWING FAME.**—All London has suddenly awaked to the fact that Randolph Caldecott was not only an incomparable humorist, an illustrator fertile in invention, but, above all, an artist gifted with an intuition amounting to genius, a poet whose quaint imaginings had a pathos all their own, attained and attainable only in virtue of the deepest and truest sympathy with humanity. The discovery of his real worth had long since been made by all really interested in art, both in his own country and especially in France, where he has from the first been taken *au sérieux*. But, for all that, the outside circle of admirers had scarcely learnt to consider the court-painter of the child-world, the ingenious commentator of the texts of the nursery, as one of England's most original artistic personalities, as one whose celebrity was not destined to be only an ephemeral fashion, but to last as long as a delicate and original fancy, a humor compounded in equal parts of keen observation, free-bubbling, unaffected mirth, and an all-embracing tenderness should meet with their just meed of appreciation. The collection of Caldecott's works seen last week at Christie's was a very complete and varied one, recalling by the appearance of a great number of the original drawings the series of well-known successes which followed so rapidly one upon the other during the ten years which practically comprised the whole of his too short career, and also revealing his delicate talent under other and less known aspects.—*The Saturday Review*.

**'A PLACID AND MEDITATIVE MIND.'**—Mr. J. Herbert Morse's 'Summer Haven Songs' mirror a placid and meditative mind, which is frequently moved to a gently lyrical strain, very much as a peaceful lake is stirred by breezes that send rhythmic ripples across its surface. His book embraces about 150 poems, many of which reflect landscape or impart phases of sentiment with a great deal of truth and gracefulness. It would be natural to infer from their prevailing tone and manner that Mr. Morse has an intellectual affinity for Matthew Arnold and for some of the moods of Arthur Hugh Clough, although he never reminds us of Clough's more vigorous strains, which are like the free exercise of a happy athlete transmuted into verse. But there is nothing imitative in Mr. Morse's poems. He preserves his own tone. Nevertheless it must be admitted that that tone is not always distinctly audible as music; it is, at times, no more than the vibrant sound from a tuning fork, which gives the musician himself the key-note, but does not enchant the ear of the general listener. For the latter it would have been an advantage if Mr. Morse had been more rigid in excluding some of the pieces now in his collection. Still, all those who are in sympathy with thoughtful, refined and reflective verse will discover a good many things in 'Summer Haven Songs' which will gratify them.—*G. P. Lathrop, in the Star*.

### Collect for Dominion Day.

[Charles G. D. Roberts, in *The Century*.]

FATHER of nations! Help of the feeble hand!  
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!  
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command  
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!  
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,  
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,  
Of our scant people mould a mighty state,  
To the strong, stern,—to Thee in meekness bowed!  
Father of unity, make this people one!  
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—  
Whose forging on Thine anvil was begun  
In blood late shed to purge the common shame;  
That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,  
Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

### Notes

PROF. BOYESEN'S complete works, except his poems, are about to be published by the firm of Commer Meyer, in Christiania, in a Norwegian translation by Otto Andersen. The first volume will be 'A Daughter of the Philistines'; the second,

'Queen Titania.' It is a singular fate for an author to be translated into his native tongue.

—Mrs. L. B. Walford, author of 'Mr. Smith' and 'The Baby's Grandmother,' has a story in this week's *Independent*.

—We shall print with our next issue (July 17th) a title-page and index to the fifth volume of the new series of this paper—January-June, 1886. *THE CRITIC* entered this month upon the latter half of its sixth year of continuous publication.

—Messrs. Scribner publish a valuable book for travellers in search of health in 'Carlsbad and its Environs,' by Mr. John Merrylees.

—Mr. Gottsberger was to have published yesterday (Friday) the last two volumes (the fifth and sixth) of Clara Bell's translation of Tolstol's 'War and Peace.' They will appear in London and on the Continent a month later. The work is now complete—in paper sets at \$3, and cloth at \$5.25.

—Robert Grant is the author of the story 'Face to Face,' which was published anonymously a few weeks ago.

—Major Pond announces the appearance of Ernest Ingersoll on the lecture-platform, next winter, in two lectures, entitled respectively 'Railroading in the Rockies' and 'A Battle for Life.' The latter describes the effect upon native wild animals of the advance of civilization in the United States. Mr. Ingersoll is an agreeable writer, and not without experience on the platform.

—In the July *Book Buyer* are a portrait of Dr. Henry Schliemann, and reproductions of the true and the forged Washington book-plates.

—From Principal Chief Bushyhead and Executive Secretary Boudinot, George E. Foster, author of 'Sequoyah: the American Cadmus,' has received a copy of a Resolution of gratitude and thanks adopted by the Cherokee Senate in recognition of his 'effort to preserve the history of our greatest man.'

—*The Athenæum* reports that the *Zeitschrift* of the Berlin Geographical Society (No. 122) contains a long article by Dr. Schweinfurth on his expedition in January into that depression to the south of the Fayoum identified by Mr. Cope Whitehouse with Lake Moeris. The map also contains some of the results of the expedition of Mr. Cope Whitehouse in February, accompanied by a staff of engineers detailed by the Government.

—D. Lothrop & Co. will reprint from *Wide Awake* Mrs. Fremont's 'Souvenirs of my Time.'

—Laurence Hutton is at Stockbridge, Mass., hard 'at work upon the final volumes of the Cassells' Actors and Actresses Series.

—The success of Stevenson's 'Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' (21,000 copies having already been sold) has greatly increased the number of the author's readers in this country. His new book, 'Kidnapped: Being Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the Year 1751,' announced by Charles Scribner's Sons, will reap the benefit of his growing popularity.

—'The success of Sir Richard Burton's privately printed version of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" has been so great,' *The Academy* says, 'that he has consented to allow the issue to the general public of a "chastened" edition. The modifications that the necessity of the case demand will be confined to the removal of certain "archaic crudities" of the original; but the vigorous and simple language of the translation will otherwise be preserved throughout.'

—The new list of the Browning Society shows that, of its 238 members, rather more than one third are Americans. Yet no American publisher has yet brought out a really good and cheap edition of Browning's Works.

—Dr. Holmes's 'Guardian Angel' has been added to the Riverside Paper Series.

—Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, will lecture at several towns throughout Great Britain in October next, in connection with G. W. Appleton's lecture bureau. Mr. Appleton has also on his list of lecturers for the coming season Archibald Forbes, Max O'Rell, Justin McCarthy, Will Carleton, John Augustus O'Shea, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Mrs. Florence Marryat and Mrs. Fenwick-Miller.

—Amongst the latest literary cablegrams from London are the following:—Mr. Browning will probably publish separately the two poems comprising his next work to be issued by the press. The Life of Darwin which his son is writing will include a fragment of autobiography. The Laureate will write an inscription to be placed on the tomb of the Honorable Lionel Tennyson.

Sampson Low & Co. announce that 'A Personal Memoir of the Late Randolph Caldecott,' by Henry Blackburn, will be published in October, and that the editor will be glad to have the loan of letters and memoranda bearing on Mr. Caldecott's early art career. Blackwood will probably soon publish a 'shilling dreadful' by Vernon Lee.

—Dr. F. H. Brown's 'Harvard University in the War of 1861-5,' a record of the military and naval services of graduates and students, is to be published by Cupples, Upham & Co. It is a record of which the great University may be justly proud.

—A London firm proposes to reproduce by photogravure about 120 of the best representative pictures of the English school to be found in the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum and the National Portrait Gallery. The selection of the plates and the literary portion of the work have been intrusted to Humphrey Ward.

—The *Graphic News* will publish on July 17th a portrait of Bill Nye, the humorist, and a sketch by James Whitcomb Riley, 'the Hoosier poet' who wrote 'Leonainie.'

—'A Book of the Running Brook and of Still Waters' is the title of a little volume about to be issued by Lady Colin Campbell through Sampson Low and Co. It consists of a series of papers published anonymously in *The Saturday Review*, on the culture and capture of fresh-water fish. A new edition is nearly ready of Lord Colin Campbell's 'Crofter in History,' the first edition of which was published anonymously.

### Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Cruise of the Alabama, The. By one of the Crew. 32c.  
Cruger, M. A Den of Thieves; or, the Lay-Reader of St. Mark's. 25c.  
Dante Society, Fifth Annual Report of the..... Cambridge: John Wilson & Son.  
Gogol, Nikolai V. Taras Bulba. Tr. by Isabel F. Haggood. 3s.  
Meatigue, Charles H. The Romance of the Lilies. 50c.  
Office of the Dead, The..... W. I. Harris & Co.  
Oliphant, Mrs. Effie Ogilvie. 50c.  
Oliphant, Mrs. Effie Ogilvie. 25c.  
Reid, Elizabeth J. Biography of Judge Richard Reid. Cincinnati: Standard Pub. Co.  
Sate, Shosuke, Ph.D. History of the Land Question in the United States. 3s.  
Schick's Humorous Bibliothek. Nos. 1-2. Each, 25c.  
Schick, Collection. Parts 14, 15, 16. Each, 25c.  
Spooner, Lyander. Letter to Grover Cleveland, etc. Boston: B. R. Tucker.  
Stuart, Esme. A Fair Damself. 25c.  
Winchell, Alexander. Geological Studies. 3s.

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## The Critic

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### The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

No. 1164.—Can you inform me whether Dixey's 'Adonis' was played in any other city in America but New York, and whether the 500 and odd times in New York were consecutive performances?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

G. M. A.

[We believe 'Adonis' has been played elsewhere in this country. The New York performances were consecutive.]

No. 1165.—Has any fair, able and impartial life of Andrew Johnson been published?

FORT COLLINS, COLORADO.

J. H. B.

[Johnson's Life and Speeches, by John Savage, was published in 1886; and in the same year the Appletons published a history of his Life and Times by a National Man. Of the merits of these works we are not in a position to speak.]

No. 1166.—The New York *Sun* of June 20th contained a communication from William Buckley, Secretary of the Tennyson Society of Brooklyn, in which the writer requested a list of the names of 'the ten leading English living novelists.' Four lists—two drawn up by two literary ladies, and two by as many literary gentlemen—were printed in reply. An asterisk attached to the name of Mr. W. E. Norris directed the reader's attention to the following footnote: 'This is said to be a lady whose books have formerly been published under the pseudonym of George Meredith.' The 'literary gentleman' in whose list this name occurs doesn't think that George Meredith, the poet and novelist, is a lady, does he? Has any lady used 'George Meredith' as a pseudonym? Is W. E. Norris a *nom de plume*?

W. L.

[It certainly looks very much as if the *Sun* or its 'expert in novel reading' had made an absurd mistake. George Meredith and W. E. Norris are no more to be confounded with each other than Mr. Howells and Mr. James. Mr. Norris writes a very neat feminine hand, and has a way of dating his letters from yachts and out-of-the-way places.]

No. 1167.—Where can I find Dr. O. G. Schmidt's paper or pamphlet on Luther?

LEXINGTON, VA.

J. W. W. B.

[The inquiry probably has reference to the pamphlet (pp. vi., 64) issued at Leipzig, 1883 (Veit & Comp.), under the title: 'Luther's Bekanntschaft mit den Alten Klassikern. Ein Beitrag zur Lutherforschung. Von Oswald Gottlob Schmidt.' It can be obtained through G. E. Stechert or B. Westermann & Co., New York.]

No. 1168.—Why is the fifth proposition of Euclid called the 'Asses' Bridge?

FLAUBERT, L. I.

A TEACHER.

[The *Pons Asinorum*, or asses' bridge, is so called, according to Percy Smith, 'as being the first difficulty met with; and perhaps from its figure.']

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